

THE
FIRST and SECOND Book
OF THE
LAMENTATIONS
OF
CHARLES,

The Son of JAMES,
For the LOSS of the
Battle of CULLODEN,

To which is annexed
His Farewell SPEECH,
TO A
General Council of the REBELS,
Held at the House of the L-----d L-----t, the Night
after the ACTION.

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The Lamentations of Charles the Son of James, &c.

CHAP. I.

WEEP O ye men of the north, gird ye with sackcloth and ashes; your glory is fallen, your strength is decayed.

2 The kingdom is gone from you; your expectations are blasted and your hopes are become even as the hope of the hypocrite that perisheth.

3 Lo we gloried in our strength and put our trust in the sinews of our arms, and our confidence in the vigour of our loins.

4 We said unto our selves, we will arm us with bucklers of steel, and gird upon our thighs the dreadful killing broad sword.

5 We will charge our guns with powder that is strong, and our pistols with that which will do great execution.

6 We will rush on our enemies like a torrent; and come upon them like a whirlwind, and they shall be sore afraid, and shall not be able to stand before us in the day of battle.

7 We parcelled out their lands in our imagination amongst ourselves, and our young men promised themselves great riches by the spoils of our enemies.

8 But how are we deceived? our hopes are dash'd to pieces, and we

are become a scoff to all the nations round about us.

9 They point the finger at us, as they pass the streets, and the young men and maidens laugh us to scorn.

10 They say unto one another, Are these the mighty men of valour? Are these the heroes that boasted themselves in their courage.

11 Does not their valour lie in their heels, and their courage in the soles of their feet.

12 They skip like hinds, and are swift to run away; they turn their backs upon dangers, and are afraid to look their enemies in the face.

CHAP. II.

Houl O ye young men wail all ye men of the mountains: Be still all ye instruments of musick! play no more upon the harp, neither let the sound of the bagpipe be heard any more amongst you.

2 For we have lost the battle of Culloden, and the fields that surround the house of the president are covered with our slain.

3 O Culloden, thou hast been fatal to me; thou hast pluck'd the laurels from of my head, and placed them on that of my mortal enemy,

cacmy,

enemy, even on the forehead of the Duke of C mb-l-n-d.

4 Pr-st-n P-ns is no more remembered, and my victory over C-e is forgotten: my march in the heart of the island with a handful is now even as a dream.

5 The wisdom of my retreat from England is now called cowardice; and my victory over H-l-y is now attributed only to chance.

6 Success and glory, that attended on all my actions, and waited even on my chariot wheels, have now forsaken me.

7 My laurels are buried in the fields of Culloden; my enemies have been witnesses of my shame, and my mortal foes have seen me turn my back in the day of battle.

8 Where shall I hide myself from the scandal that overwhelms me: how have I so lied the honours of my house, and lost them shamefully to the son of the house of H-n-v-r.

9 O C-m-bm-l-d, thou art mightier than I; thou outshines me in military glory; thou hast robbed me of the hopes of a crown, and covered me with shame instead of laurels.

10 Thy genius is a terror to my soul; thy name fills me with horror; thou art more dreadful in thyself than half thine Army.

11 When thou art present my soul is dismayed; I gnash my teeth with fear, my knees beat one against another; my sinews are quite feeble, and there is no strength in me.

12 When I am asleep I dream of the terror of thy name; and when awake thou art ever present to my eyes.

13 Thou haunts me as my evil

genius; thou fillest my soul with anguish; and hast discomfited my armies by the mere magick of thy name.

C H A P. III.

1 **W**E have trusted in the arm of flesh, and that has proved vain. We have put our confidence in princes, they have deceived us; even in the king of Fr—ce, and there is no faith in him.

2 He hath deceived our grandfathers, and my father has been his bubble even from his cradle.

3 He has made a tool of him ever since he was born, and mean'd only to deceive him.

4 He made use of him only to serve his own purposes, and constantly left him in the lurch, when he found it his interest to desert him.

5 Yet we have been so blind as to be again cozened by him, and cajoled into destruction by the fair words that he spoke, and the smooth speeches which he and his ministers uttered to us.

6 He raised our hopes to the highest pitch, loaded us with promises, and magnified the mighty power with which he intended to assist us.

7 He practised upon the natural frankness of our temper, and imposed upon the credulity of our nature by his flattering speeches.

8 We listened to his promises, and was not aware of the poison that lay under his tongue.

9 We persuaded our friends that he was sincere, and that he certainly would assist us, and he hath de-
ceived

ceived us, and there is no truth in him.

10 We have been the dupe of his ambition, and his tool to aid him, in his designs against Flanders.

11 His troops and the fleets which he boasted of are still in his harbours; they were only designed to amuse and feed us with hopes, which he never designed should succeed.

12 They have answered his ends, he has conquered Flanders, and hath left us, and our faithful but deluded Scots, to fall a sacrifice to our enemies.

CHAP. IV.

1 **W**E have likewise trusted to those who flattered us as our friends, even the Jacobites of England; but they are men, and have deceived us.

2 They flattered us with surmises, and cheated us with false reports.

3 They made us believe, that the nation in general was disaffected, and wish'd for the restoration of our house; that our rival was hated, and his government become burthensome to the people.

4 The names of the greatest were lent us, as of our interest, and ready to declare themselves publicly in our favour, so soon as we appeared.

5 But too late we found there was no faith in their promises, nor truth in their intelligence.

6 We traversed three parts of the kingdom, but found none to assist us; their courage failed them when we wanted them, and their cowardly hearts give the lie to

their most solemn engagements.

7 When danger was far off they talk'd like heroes, and promised mountains: they drunk our health in public, and caballed in private.

8 But when honour called them to arms, and opportunity offered to reduce their promise to practice, there was a lion in the way, and there was no truth in them.

9 They left us to our fate, and were no ways solicitous about the event; they laughed at our calamity, and gave themselves no trouble when fear came upon us.

10 O truth where art thou fled? O virtue where art thou to be found? Thou art fled from this Island, and here thou art not to be met with; no, not even amongst thousands.

11 O Britons, how are ye fallen? thou who boasted to be mistress of the world, and prided thyself in the empire of the sea.

12 Thou art divided in thyself, and there is no peace in thy cities: luxury, venality, and barefaced corruption, has overwhelmed thee, and thou art as a city ready to be sold even to the highest bidder.

CHAP. V.

1 **W**EEP O holy father, and be discomfited, thou who art head of the church; let thy princes lay aside their purples, and they priests cloth themselves with sackcloth and cover their heads with ashes.

2 Weep in the temples of the city, how! even in the gates of the city that standeth upon seven hills.

3 Your hopes in me are frustrated; your

your Benedictions have been of no effect, and the consecrated bucklers you presented me with, are broken asunder, and there has been no strength in them.

4 The sacred medals have lost the power of charming, and the holy relicts of the ever blessed saints have been prophaned by the rude hands of unbelieving hereticks.

5 They have discovered our nakedness, and laugh at the religion of our holy church: They refuse to return into her bosom, and despise her commands.

6 We have lost all our hopes of being lords over these stubborn people, they have shut their eyes against the truth, and are resolved to go to heaven their own way.

7 They pretend to be wiser than the church that is infallible, and put their trust in the dark lanthorn of their own reason rather than in the unerring councils of the church that cannot err.

8 How long, O father, will thy righteous spirit be troubled with this perverse generation? Will not the time come when thou shalt chastize them with rods, and rule over this obstinate people even as with a rod of iron.

9 Rouze up all the faithfull sons of the church to join in the grand cause, and assist us to bring these stiff-necked people under our holy yoke, and to the Obedience of us and our house.

CHAP. VI.

WEEP O ye mountains of Scotland, droop your heads ye little hills, bewail all ye Vales that be north of Spey.

2 Your fields are become desolate, your houses are laid waste, your oxen, your asses, your flocks, and your herds, are become a prey to your enemies.

3 The Glory of your forefathers, and the honour of your ancient houses are set at nought, ye have fled before your enemies, and turned your backs in the fatal fields of Culloden.

4 All the victories of your forefathers are nullied, they reflect scandal upon you and your generations.

5 Why did ye fly? Why were ye dismayed? Why did your courage fail you? Were not your swords tempered as at Preston Pans? and your bucklers as strong as on the moor of Falkirk.

6 Lament your fate and bewail, for ye are lost indeed. Ye have left your chiefs in the field, your mighty men are slain in the battle.

7 Kilmarnock is taken prisoner, and his feet galled with fetters of iron, even in the hands of our enemies.

8 Lochiel, even Cameron the chief, is fallen, he that was valiant among ten thou and, he that could handle the broad sword, and dexterously wield the burnished buckler, is now no more.

9 Clauronald too is fallen. He pushed into the battle like a lion. he spread terror in the hearts of his foes, and shewed that he inherited the courage of his house.

CHAP. VII.

MAC LACHLEN, who boasted his antiquity, and drew his descent from an ancient race of kings, fell among the vulgar, and

and lost his life by the fire of his enemies.

2 He managed the horse with dexterity, and tam'd the fierceness of the fiery courser, he excelled in every warlike exercise, and disputed the prize even with the young men.

3 He went into the battle without fear, and dreaded not the sword of his enemies; but his courage availed him not, he is numbered among the slain.

4 Appin and Kepoch too, are dead, they have finish'd their course and died like men; but ye basely deserted them, and left none to succour them when the enemy surrounded, and danger pressed hard upon them.

5 For this ye are become slaves, your lands are forfeited, and the possessions of your ancestors are become the inheritance of aliens.

6 You must bend your necks to the yoke, and become hewers of wood and drawers of water, to a nation that hate you, and whom ye have hainously provoked.

7 Fly from the face of the DUKE,

and from the fierce wrath of him that pursueth; shelter yourselves in the mountains, and call upon the hills to cover you; hide you in caves for the day of tribulation is come upon you.

8 Where shall I fly? how shall I escape those who lie in wait for me.

9 The ocean is covered with their ships, and the sea groaneth under the weight of their fleets, how then shall I hide myself to save an unhappy life?

10 I sought death in the battle; but could not find him, I rushed into the midst of danger, but still he shunned me.

11 Shall I then fall into their snare, shall I grace the triumph of the victor, and be led a captive in the land where I hoped to reign.

12 Have I escaped the danger of the deep, and come off safe in the heat of the battle, have I been denied to die in the bed of honour, and must I perish like a criminal on a scaffold.

Here endeth the book of the lamentations of Charles the son of James.

The last SPEECH of the young Pretender, to his last general Council, held at the House of the L----d L-----t, the Night immediately after the Battle of Culloden, and distributed, by his order amongst the remains of his shattered Army before they dispersed.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

THE last Time I met you in Council, our Hopes were

strong, and the Appearance of Success more than probable. But Yesterday's Sun has seen all this promised

sed Scene overturned: The Fields, the fatal Fields of Cullodon has dashed all our Hopes to pieces, and had left us nothing to deliberate upon, but the mere Safety of our Persons.

I acknowledge, with the sincerest Expressions of Gratitude, the Alacrity you have shewn in venturing your Lives and Fortunes in Support of our royal House.

It is impossible to attribute the Misfortune that has befallen us to any want either of Courage or Conduct of our Friends in Scotland, you have behaved your selves with Readiness, and which shall never be forgot by us, or our latest Posterity.

I only lament, that so much unshaken Fidelity should be attended with so little Success in what was intended, and is likely to be followed by so many Misfortunes to your selves.

You are witnesses, my Lords and Gentlemen, that I have shared all Dangers and Hardships equal with the meanest of you, and never commanded you to follow but where I was ready to lead.

Ambition of Reigning is, no doubt, a strong Passion in every Man's breast. But more so to Men who think themselves born or intitled to a Crown; and especially to Men of my Years: I frankly own, that this Ambition may have given Life to my Actions, and warm'd me in the Execution of the Undertaking: But if I can judge of my own Heart, I assure you, I should not have tasted half the Pleasure in the Enjoyment of Regal Sway, as in being instrumental in restoring my parental Country to the fullest Possession of its Rights and Liberties.

To make a great People free, and keep them free, is the only Pleasure that can result from Sovereignty. The empty Grandeur of a Throne, or the Luitre of an Imperial Diadem, may give Joy to those, whose Delight is in Trifles: But the Power of doing good, of communicating Freedom to a great Community, to govern over the Hearts as well as Persons of a free People, is the only rational Pleasure I can enjoy the Thoughts of a Crown.

But Providence, and the Faithlessness of faithless Friends, has ordain'd that I shall not enjoy that Satisfaction of contributing to your Freedom; on the contrary, I am afraid our unsuccessful Attempt has rivetted old Chains, and perhaps has forged fresh ones for such as shall escape the general Shipwreck.

I have in the first Place to blame my Correspondents in England, for representing the State of the Country and the Disposition of the People in a quite different Light than what it really was.

Had they not inculcated the General Disaffection of the People upon us, as an incontestable Truth, we should never have relied upon their own Assistance: but we have now found they have fed us up with false Hopes, and Facts as false as their faithless Promises of personal Assistance.

We have next to blame our Ally the French King for withholding these Succours, which upon all Suppositions were concerted as necessary, and giving us nothing in their stead, but such supply as only served to keep alive our Hopes untill we had lost the Opportunity

of making use of any Means of getting out of the Misfortune into which we too deeply and too rashly plunged ourselves.

We have been for this once his Dupes, but I assure you I shall do so no more; and now I assure you that I shall never set Foot on this Island; without a Power sufficient to put Success out of doubt. I shall no more involve my Friends in ruin, upon French or English Promises.

I recommend it to you to keep together as long you can, that you

may get into the inaccessible Parts of the Country, where our deluded Followers may with Safety disperse.

As for yourselves, Gentlemen, we shall take order that convenience may be had for the Escape of such of you as cannot depend on the Enemy's Clemency. With you we shall share our Fortune, and we shall desire to live in no higher Rank than a private Gentleman, whilst any one of you is unprovided for according to your Rank.

F I N I S.



